

F A L S E H O O D
brought to Light:

C R, A
V I E W
OF THE
M I S E R I E S
OF THE
P O O R,

On Account of the exorbitant Price
of Provisions; by the unjustifiable
Practices of Ingrossers, Foretallers,
and Regrators of the Markets, who
make a Trade of oppressing the
POOR.

With some serious Admonitions to those
DESTRUCTIVE CATERPILLERS, if it's not
too late for them to REPENT.



L O N D O N: Printed in the Year 1758.

TO THE READER.

*Falsehood is now brought unto Light,
By Truth that cannot lie;
The Works of Darkness or of Night,
Truth will not justify.
For Truth it is a glorious Grace,
Truth will for ever stand,
Against this vile ingrossing Race,
Now in our fruitful Land.*

IN this short Treatise I have laid down, in some small Degree, the great Distress and Sufferings of the Poor in this Kingdom of Great-Britain, Scotland and Ireland, in the Years 1756, 1757, and still remaineth in 1758; with an Exhortation for Repentance. First, To the Rich. Second, To the Ingrossers, And third, To the Poor. Because "it is appointed for all once to die, and after Death to Judgment, and there to give an Account for all their Works done in the Body, whether good or evil." And all that have done good in Time (that is) all that have repented and found Favour with the Lord while here, by Faith in the Blood of Christ alone; such, serving the Lord from a Principle of Love within, for having his Love shed abroad in their Hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto them; and living thus they work out their Salvation with Fear and Trembling; and when they are sanctified and saved from all Sin, not only Sin outward but also Sin inward, yea, from the very last Remains thereof, then, when Death comes, such are received with a "well done good and faithful Servants, enter ye into the Joy of your Lord: O come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the Foundation of the World." But to the Wicked living and dying in thir Sins, and found thus at the Bar of God, will be sentenced down to Eternal Woe, with a "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting Fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels." And so I say it becometh all, in time, to consider their latter End, "for without Holiness no one shall see the Lord," so consider what you read, and the Lord give you understanding.

FALSE.



FALSEHOOD brought to Light, &c.

Y O U People all, of high and low degree,
 Draw near awhile, and listen unto me,
 While I relate this tragedy to you,
 Which is most horrid, yet no more than true.
 For some time past work has been scarce and
 But, what is worse, the poor have wanted bread ! [dead,
 To feed their children, that for hunger cry'd
 For bread to eat, but some could none provide.
 For many have but had one meal a day,
 Some have had two, mark well what I do say.
 And some, 'tis said, on bran and grains did feed !
 Consider this ye hearts of stone and bleed.
 For how did this pierce many a parent dear,
 When they their children's mournful cries did hear.
 To see them want their hearts were fill'd with grief,
 Yet they, alas ! could yield but small relief.
 For food they wanted, and for it did cry,
 And thro' this want many did sickly lie.
 And scores, 'tis said, expired their last breath,
 For want of food they famish'd on the earth.
 Alas ! alas ! and was it true indeed,
 That some like hogs on bran and grains did feed ?
 And furthermore, that scores for want did die,
 If this be true, Where was it done I cry ?
 Was it in *Turkey*, where *Mahomet* reigns ?
 Was it at *Rome* they fed on bran and grains ?
 Was it in *Africa* that scores did die,
 For want of food their hunger to supply ?
 It was not there, tho' barbarous they are !
 No nor at *Rome*, nor *Turkey*, I declare !
 Where was it then ? why this I understand,
 It was in *England* ! call'd a christian land !
 And is it true that such vile work was done,
 And were the rich out of this island gone ?
 When these poor creatures thus for want did cry,
 In their distress and great extremity ?
 No, here they liv'd, but still what good did they,
 They eat, they drank, they dressed fine and gay ;
 And tho' they had riches laid up in store,
 How slack were they to feed and cloath the poor.

Yet some there was their charity did shew,
 Unto the poor that were distressed so.
 Bread they did give many, and cloathing too,
 But these, alas! alas! were very few.
 For many of them did join hand in hand,
 And so ingross'd the corn in this our land;
 Which made it bad and very dear to all,
 But on the poor the heaviest did fall:
 And when they had got up the corn, straightway
 They rose the price, and that without delay:
 Which thing was strange to all the hungry poor,
 Then work grew scarce, as I did say before:
 For all were forced then to work as could,
 Both night and day, in order to get food;
 And thus it were much work by few was done,
 So it grew scarce that many could get none:
 And this, alas! was very hard to bear,
 Work being dead, provision bad and dear:
 This made the poor urgent the truth to know,
 Why corn was dear, and they impos'd on so.
 Then these vile men, to blind the poor for gain,
 Did give it out, there was but little grain
 For to be bought in this our fruitful land!
 All this was true, for they had most in hand:
 And this they sold, but no small gain they had,
 Their flower was coarse, yea much exceeding bad;
 Which hardly was fit for the swine for meat,
 But this they sold, and this the poor did eat;
 For it was nauseous to the taste and smell,
 Thro' hoarding up, this thousands know full well;
 Or else by mixing other matter in,
 Which brought them much, but sad unlawful gain.

Now take a view ye rich on what is said,
 Ye that could see such dreadful havock made
 Amongst the poor, and yet no pity shew,
 Unto their bodies that were starved so.
 And ye Ingrossers, turn about and see,
 'Tis you have caus'd this great distress to be;
 By keeping up and selling dear what grain
 You had ingross'd, to get unlawful gain.
 And if there was no want of corn, you are
 Then guilty found of murder, I declare;
 And that before and in the sight of God,
 For all the poor that died for want of food.
 But if there was not corn them to supply,
 Then you are clear, tho' they for want did die.

But

But if there was then what I said is true,
 Consider this, while I more fully shew,
 Your evil ways which so unlawful are,
 And them you do more fully now declare.

Then at the first, because you did complain,
 That in our land there was but little grain
 For to be bought, and so you forced were,
 To make your flower both coarse and also dear;
 In order that you might not lose, but gain
 Some little profit for your time and pain.
 So only this you own for to be true,
 Tho' other things reported were of you;
 Which you count false, and utterly disown,
 Such things you say by you were never done:
 Well, be it so, you shall have your own way,
 But now mark well, for I the truth will say;
 Because you seem so innocent to plead,
 As tho' no fault by you was ever made.
 You own, I say, that you did give it out,
 There was but little corn for to be bought
 In this our land, which made it sell so dear,
 Not you the cause, tho' many say it were.
 Well! this I'll prove, and if you are indeed
 In the right way, then on you may proceed;
 But if found guilty this you shall not hide,
 For all shall see what you have long enjoy'd:
 I'll speak the truth, if you the truth can bear,
 But if you cannot, truth I will declare,
 For truth will stand when it is brought to light,
 And shew at once who's wrong and who is right,
 If you be right truth on your side will be,
 If you be wrong truth will not set you free;
 Then let it speak, and openly make known,
 Who caused all this evil to be done:
 Was it ingrossers, or for want of grain,
 That made the poor of late for to complain.
 Ingrossers say that them it never were,
 It was for want which made it sell so dear.
 This might be true, and here the cause might lie
 Why it was dear, but then the Lord most high,
 Did look in pity on the poor's distress,
 And sent great frost the earth with good to bless;
 And this it did, tho' cold and sharp it were,
 And by this frost the earth he did prepare;
 That ev'ry husbandman might plow therein,
 For it was season'd for the good of grain:

And

And when the ground was ready much was sown,
 And sure a finer spring was never known.
 The trees were clad with blossoms all around,
 The birds withal their Maker's praise did sound.
 How sweet how glorious then all things were seen,
 The trees thus clad, the meadows fine and green ;
 The sun shin'd warm to succour all that was
 Sown in the earth, and likewise fruit and grass ;
 Thus was the spring, then summer did appear,
 Then God did shew more fruitfully the year.
 He sent the former and the latter rain,
 And gave much fruit and great increase of grain.
 The fields were pleasant when thus fruitful clad,
 Hay time and harvest both a lusture had ;
 From the bright sun whose glory did appear,
 And mostly glorious, 'till both ended were ;
 Some rain there was, but little harm was done
 While it did last, tho' much corn then was down,
 For God soon stopt the clouds from dropping rain,
 The reapers then did gather in their grain.
 He gave them plenty like to those of old,
 Some thirty, sixty, some an hundred fold ;
 That like the rich man in the gospel they
 Had scarcely room wherewith their corn to lay.
 Now is it true or false what is wrote here,
 If it be true what makes corn still so dear ;
 What is the cause work still remaineth dead,
 And thousands still cry out for want of bread ;
 The cause is plain, ingrossers still do join,
 To buy up corn the Poor for to confine
 To their own price, as they have long time done,
 Thro' which I say many have been undone ;
 But now 'tis plain no want of corn there is,
 Tho' you of late have made excuse of this ;
 As I have shew'd your wicked ways to screen,
 But now to all your roguery have seen.
 If you do shew now corn is sold so dear,
 After so glorious, yea a fruitful year,
 For want ye cannot, if ye would, corn plain
 As you have done to get unlawful gain ;
 For truth has brought your wicked ways to light,
 The poor you starv'd by keeping back their rights,
 Had now you striv'd to do the same 'tis true,
 So what is wrote 'tis plain now falls on you ;
 For ye are guilty 'tis your chosen lott,
 Read it again if you have it forgot ;

For

For it is dreadful, yet 'tis true I say,
 For by your actions this you all display,
 The poor you blinded when you gave it out,
 There was but little corn for to be bought ;
 Which made it dear, but now they plainly see,
 Your end in this now corn enough there be ;
 Your great oppression they have long time born,
 Their credit is gone their cloathing it is worn ;
 And now for bread and cloathing they do cry,
 But bread is so dear, cloathing they cannot buy.
 What must they do then in this great distress,
 'Tis hard to starve while corn enough there is ;
 Tho' this they've done, as I have shew'd to you,
 Which is most dreadful yet no more than true,
 Dreadful indeed, but still mark well, I pray,
 For here their sufferings ended not I say ;
 Tho' they were great, yet they augmented were,
 As shall hereafter unto you appear ;
 And this was done in a great trading town,
 Call'd M ----- r, by some of high renown ;
 But to their shame it shall on record be,
 That all may see their horrid cruelty !
 For when the poor provision came to buy,
 And not to steal it for their family ;
 Which they did do for a small space of time,
 And right it was in them and not a crime :
 They look'd like men near starved unto death,
 Poor naked creatures creeping on the earth ;
 They wanted food to eat and cloathing too,
 But then to steal the same, they did not do,
 For what they had they bought and for it paid,
 And no disturbance in the town they made ;
 Until some men like lions on their prey,
 In fury came as tho' they would them slay :
 Then these vile men upon the poor did fall
 Some they did beat and some to prison haul !
 And here in part their malice they did shew,
 On these poor creatures that were starved so :
 The market fell when these poor creatures came,
 But then these wretches they did raise the same ;
 For when they had them beaten for awhile,
 The market rose, the farmers all did smile ;
 So these vile men did drive the poor away,
 From buying bread but there will come a day
 When they must die, and stand before the Lord,
 And judged be according to his word.

But

But more of this I will hereafter shew,
 Because, like Dives, they to hell will go;
 Unless Jachus like, from sin they flee,
 To Christ who died for sinners on the tree.
 But to return to my discourse again,
 And view another but more dreadful scene;
 Dreadful it is, and these vile wretches were
 The cause of it as shall to you appear.
 They want no food the sons of Belial they
 Grind the poor and starve them night and day;
 Their work is much their wages are very small,
 Worse they are us'd than David was by Saul:
 For when these men had used them so ill,
 Straightway with anger these poor men did fill;
 Which made them rise far stronger than before
 To do some work which long had pinch'd them sore.
 Then news was brought of their approach near town,
 And how that Clayton-mills were pulled down;
 Then some vile men did with the soldiers go,
 Armed to give the poor a dreadful blow:
 The drums did beat, the soldiers march'd away,
 They went to battle on the fifteenth day;
 It was November seventeen hundred year
 And fifty seven this I recorded here;
 Some past mid-day they marched up Shude-hill,
 Where they did halt and for awhile stood still;
 Until some men advice to them did bring,
 The mob is near, then marched the right-wing;
 The left did follow then appear'd in sight,
 Not French nor Spaniards with their armour bright;
 But naked men, whose children loud did cry,
 For bread to eat, their hunger to supply.
 The soldiers halted and for battle stood,
 Against these men who came not to shed blood;
 But to bring down the market that they might,
 Get food and raiment and pay all their right.
 Well this is good, but mark well what you read,
 For sure at this the hardest heart will bleed,
 At this which I shall unto you declare;
 But shall I do it, or shall I forbear?
 I will declare it, tho' my blood runs cold
 Within my veins, while I the same unfold;
 Tho' it is dreadful, yet I say 'tis true,
 So here the same I will present to view.
 The soldiers halted, as I said before,
 And stood for battle, then came up the poor;

And

And when they were within some yards, I say;
 Command was given, fire at them straightway.
 This was obey'd, the right wing did present,
 So did the left, who was for mur——r bent.
 Then they did fire, and nineteen there was shot,
 Fifteen were wounded, four kill'd on the spot!
 O dreadful scene, 'tis mur——r all I see,
 For one was shot while standing in a tree.
 And if the other were not so, yet this
 Is murder found, for sure it cannot miss.
 Now come ye rich, and ye engrossers too,
 And on the slain and wounded take a view:
 For most of them did rise for want of bread,
 But see them lie, some wounded and some dead.
 O horrid scene, 'tis shocking to behold!
 Does not your blood within your veins run cold?
 Surely it does, if not more hard than stone,
 Because thro' you this dreadful scene was done;
 This I have shew'd, but all the rich were not
 Concern'd in this most horrid dreadful plot.
 For some were much against it, and are still;
 Tho' few of these the hungry poor did fill.
 But to conclude, and so close up the whole,
 With some advice to your immortal soul;
 Because your state is like to Dives found,
 Whole soul with pride and luxury was drown'd:
 Dives was rich, he dressed fine and gay,
 And sumptuously he fared every day.
 He eat and drank o'the best in Judah's land,
 For gold and silver was at his command.
 But now behold, a certain beggar came,
 To Dives's gate, and Lazarus was his name;
 And full of sores he there for want did lie,
 An object of this rich man's charity.
 Good Sir, said Lazarus, pity me I pray,
 I am near starv'd, O send me not away.
 Give me the crumbs which from your table fall,
 But this he did not, though it was but small.
 And thus it is unto this very day,
 The poor want bread, but Dives is still gay.
 Will let them die before they will bestow,
 Food to their bodies that are starved so.
 'Tis like to this, for Lazarus did die,
 And was by angels safe conducted high,
 To the bright-regions of eternal day,
 Where sin, and fear, and sorrow's done away.

He feels no want, tho' he did die for bread,
 For he is happy, and is ever fed
 With angels food, and with redeeming love ;
 And from this state he never will remove.
 The rich man died, and buried he were,
 Perhaps with pomp and grandeur as some are :
 But then at death he found a sad surprize,
 For he in hell lift up his guilty eyes ;
 And that in torments, then he saw with grief
 Where Lazarus was, whom he deny'd relief.
 He was in blifs, but he in flames below,
 And this did add more fuel to his woe.
 He then did cry for water, and did long
 But for one drop to cool his scorched tongue.
 But this, tho' small, to him it was deny'd,
 For he in time his good things had enjoy'd :
 And Lazarus was but ill intreated here,
 But now he is where God and angels are:
 He is in heaven, Dives is in hell,
 And there with fiends he must for ever dwell.
 Hark how he cries, O that I'd Lazarus fed,
 I had enough, but he did die for bread.
 Now he is happy, but I am in pain,
 Fast bound in flames, never to rise again.

Now take one view ye rich, on Dives's state,
 Mind what you read, lest you do share his fate ;
 For where your treasure is your heart will be,
 If it's in earth, then Dives state you see.
 Then leave your pride, and feed and cloath the poor,
 And unto all again their right restore ;
 * As you may read Zaccheus did of old,
 For whom he wrong'd, to them he gave four-fold.
 For what will riches profit you, I say,
 When death shall take your mortal life away ?
 If not made rich towards the Lord while here,
 Then you, like Dives, guilty will appear.
 O then be wise, repent while time you have,
 And fly from sin to Christ, your souls to save,
 And never rest till he your sins forgive,
 That you unto his glory here may live ;
 For ye are dead in trespasses and sin,
 By nature and by practice all unclean ;
 Unfit for death, shut up in unbelief,
 Then O what need you have to seek relief ;

But not from riches, but from God most high,
For he your souls can only satisfy.
But riches cannot, tho', like Dives, you
Make them your God, but he too late doth rue:
He rues his folly now in endless woe,
And will you, like him, to perdition go?
And there with him in sulphurous flames to roll,
Without one glimpse of comfort to your soul.
What do you say, for this your end will be,
Unless you do from sin to Jesus flee;
For none can live with him in glory high,
Unless made free from sin before they die.
Then take advice, return with speed to God,
And pardon seek by faith in Jesu's blood.
Faith will save you from sin and endless woe,
Make sure of this, or unto hell you'll go.
None has true faith that lives in any sin,
Faith works by love, and changes all within;
Faith justifies, and makes the sinner whole,
And that throughout in body, spirit, soul;
And from this faith the peace of God doth flow,
Through Jesus Christ, the only ease in woe;
And all that seek in earnest, this do find,
And peace divine doth rule and fill the mind.
And this is riches lasting, riches sure,
That will to all eternity endure!
But gold and silver will take wing and fly,
But happiness in Christ will never die.
Then seek, ye rich, for this pearl of great price,
Seek it by prayer, and make the Lord your choice;
For if you die without it, you will be
Undone, and that to all eternity;
And ye Ingressors, this consider well,
Your way is wrong, it leadeth down to hell;
Then leave it off, for quickly you must die,
And stand before God's awful Majesty:
Your actions then will all be brought to light,
For God will shew who's wrong and who is right.
If you be guilty then, what will you do,
You must with Dives, live in endless woe.
But, while you've time, repent without delay,
And seek to God for pardon night and day;
For all your sins which you committed have,
So will you feel his mighty pow'r to save;
Altho' your sins are of a crimson die,
Yet if you leave them, and for mercy cry;

God, for the sake of Jesus Christ his son,
 Will you forgive, and that by grace alone.
 O then leave off your oppression now,
 While you have time unto his mercy bow;
 For death will come and summons you away,
 And after that will be the judgment day;
 So then consider what will be your end,
 If you do not, in time, make God your friend.
 This I have shew'd, but now your folly see,
 While you have time, that you may saved be,
 Now come ye poor, to you what shall I say,
 You have been long oppressed night and day,
 For want of food, and cloathing for to wear,
 Which thing, alas! was very hard to bear!
 But in all this did you cry unto God,
 To feed your souls with his immortal food?
 For they are precious, and will ever be
 Happy with God, or damn'd eternally.
 When do you say, did you repent and turn
 From all your sins, and for them weep and mourn?
 And then did you to God for mercy cry?
 That he, by grace, your souls would justify.
 And are you free from sin, the guilt, the pow'r?
 Made one with Christ by faith, to sin no more?
 Then you are happy in him day and night,
 And dying thus you'll live in endless light.
 Is this your state, alas! 'tis not, I fear,
 For do not many of you curse and swear?
 You little think, that one day you must die,
 When you aloud do for damnation cry!
 Is this your case that reads, consider well,
 How can you bear in burning fire to dwell.
 Are you in haste, that you may damned be?
 What, do you long for endless misery?
 No, you will say to hell we would not go,
 Why then do you call for damnation so!
 If you do not desire to feel the same,
 Why do you swear and curse, and thus blaspheme?
 Swearing is wrong, and cursing you will own,
 Why then, alas! by you should it be done.
 For if continued in 'till death, you'll see
 Your end will be eternal misery.
 Then God will have no mercy upon you,
 Tho' here, in time, you suffer'd much 'tis true.
 But while you've time, mercy there may be found,
 While out of hell, while upon praying ground.

O then repent, repent without delay,
 Leave all your sins, hear, read God's word, and pray ;
 And, like the Publican, for mercy cry,
 Who found the same to his eternal joy.
 And so may you, though poor in purse you be,
 And still want bread, yet saving grace is free ;
 And all that will return from sin to God,
 May mercy find, by faith in Jesu's blood.
 O then awake from sin to righteousness,
 And fly to Christ for life and happiness ;
 Make him your friend, for quickly you must die,
 And stand before his awful Majesty :
 Make him your friend, for he your judge will be
 When time is gone, when in eternity.
 For friends on earth ye find but very few,
 But God is one that faithful is and true ;
 He is a friend to all that seek his face,
 That seek in earnest to be sav'd by Grace,
 And not by works, but still in works they must
 Be always found, but not in works to trust.
 But many live in this self-pleasing way,
 They read God's Word, communicate and pray ;
 In giving alms and fasting they are found,
 And in all outward duties they go round :
 They do no harm to any one they say,
 And what is due to ev'ry man they pay :
 And none can charge them with gross outward sin,
 In their own eyes they righteous are and clean.
 Just like the Pharisees of old they are,
 Who thought that none so righteous as them were.
 They vainly dream'd that they at death should be
 Saved by works to joys eternally.
 These are, like them, lap'd in their righteousness,
 Too narrow 'tis their guilty souls to dress ;
 Without the peace, the life, the love of God,
 Without true faith in the Redeemer's blood :
 And vain 'twill prove with all that think to be
 Saved by works to bliss from misery.
 For when they die, and quit this house of clay,
 They vainly dream to live in endless day.
 But such, alas ! will find a gross mistake,
 Instead of Bliss 'twill prove the burning lake ;
 Where they must lie, to feel eternal pain,
 Because in time they were not born again.
 And made anew, by faith in Jesu's blood,
 For without faith none ever can please God,

While

While here they live, nor when they come to die,
 Nor when they stand before his Majesty.
 The foolish virgins they were void of this,
 Tho' here they walk'd in all the means of grace;
 For they had lamps, the outward form and shell,
 But void of peace that is unspeakable:
 And when the great, the mid night cry was made,
 Behold the bridegroom cometh, then 'tis said;
 The virgins all to meet him did arise,
 The virgins foolish and the virgins wise;
 The wise had lamps and vessels full of grace,
 Their souls were fill'd with life, with love, with peace;
 They were made perfect in the love of God,
 By faith divine, in the Redeemer's blood:
 Their lamps did shine, because much oil was in,
 For they in time were saved from all sin,
 By grace alone, and not by works, yet they
 Did shine in works, God's glory to display.
 Christ was their hope, their strength, their righteousness,
 Christ was their life, their love, their joy, their peace;
 Christ was their all, their Saviour, brother, friend,
 Their God, their guide, their heaven on earth, their end.
 O happy state, thus are they wise in earth,
 But happier far when past the vale of death,
 As will appear, for when the bridegroom came,
 The virgins wise and foolish, call'd by name;
 Did trim their lamps, but O with great surprize,
 The foolish virgins then said to the wise;
 Give unto us some of your oil, for here
 Our lamps are now gone out, and dark we are?
 Dark were their souls, and naked found 'tis sure,
 Without the righteousness of Christ most pure;
 Without true faith in his attoning blood,
 Without the peace, the life, the love of God.
 For this they wanted, and for want of this,
 They see that they have lost eternal bliss.
 Tho' while they liv'd, in time, they thought to be
 Saved by works to bliss, from misery.
 But now their thoughts are chang'd, their hopes are gone,
 Their lamps are out, and they for oil do mourn;
 But all too late, for oil they cannot have,
 When time is gone, their precious souls to save.
 Too late they cry, and if it were not so,
 They cry to saints, the same for to bestow;
 But saints cannot, for it is God's free grace,
 And this he gives to all that seek his face.

That

That seek in earnest, as before laid down,
 For such he saves from sin, by grace alone:
 While here in time, and by his spirit they
 Are sanctified to live in endless day.
 Thus were the wise, and ready they were found,
 When Christ the judge, the mid-night cry did sound:
 With him they enter'd into glorious bliss,
 Where all is calm, and love, and joy, and peace;
 Here they all join the sweet harmonious throng,
 And sing with him the new eternal song:
 Who ceaseless, holy, holy, holy, cry,
 To God, whose glory fills both earth and sky:
 Him they adore, and see him as he is,
 On his white throne in everlasting bliss.
 In wonder lost, amazed they fall down,
 Each cast at Jesu's feet their starry crown;
 They have no night, but all is perfect day,
 In praise and love their moments slide away:
 For pain nor parting never more will be,
 Nor sin, nor fear, to all eternity.
 O happy state, for ever blest are they,
 Praising the Lord for grace, both night and day:
 Who wash'd them white by faith in his own blood,
 And placed them before the throne of God.
 Before his throne in robes of white they stand,
 Tuning their harps with the angelic band.
 With them their joys will never ended be,
 But growing more to all eternity;
 Then who will now return from sin to God,
 And seek redemption in the Saviour's blood:
 Who will by him be saved from all sin,
 While here, in time, this blessed end shall win,
 For he'll bestow it unto all, that is
 Saved from sin while here, in time, by grace.
 And all that come to him, 'tis without doubt,
 Them he will not in any-wise cast out;
 Then come to him, ye poor, without delay,
 For time, your precious time, it flies away:
 Time with you here will quickly have an end,
 O then be wise, in time, make God your friend.
 For if you do not, you, alas! will be
 Undone, and that to all eternity:
 As you will find when death to you shall come,
 For God will seal your everlasting doom;
 Then you will cry, lament, and weep, and mourn,
 And curse the day that ever you was born:

In that dark place, where devils will torment,
 Your cursed souls, for all your life mis-spent.
 No ease you'll have, tormented night and day,
 O cursed sin, for that you'll dearly pay !
 You'll always die, but never will be dead,
 There mercy's gone, but not despair and dread ;
 For you'll be bound in a dark dismal place,
 For spurning at God's mercy, love and grace :
 Where that dread word will be for ever new,
 We're damn'd at last, and now what shall we do !
 This to escape, consider it full well,
 Ye sinners all, lest pain you feel in hell ;
 You see the state of souls that damned are,
 But O be wise, and from all sin forbear :
 Then turn to God, if happy you woud die,
 Leave all your sins, for his mercy cry ;
 That he by faith in his attoning blood,
 Would them forgive and bring you nigh to God ;
 And this he'll do, and fill your souls with peace,
 With life, with love, yea, and with every grace,
 And by his spirit he will guide you here,
 Into all truth, and you for death prepare ;
 And while you live his presence you will have,
 And you he will unto the utmost save ;
 From sin and Satan, and this world of strife,
 From earth, to live with him in endless life.
 Your bodies then will unto endless dust return,
 And moulder there until the happy morn.
 Then God will raise all unto life again,
 Some unto bliss, others to endless pain.
 With boldness you, in that great day will stand,
 Amongst the sheep with Christ, at his right hand ;
 Then soul and body will united be,
 To live to praise the Lord eternally :
 Your song will be salvation unto God,
 Who wash'd your souls in his all-cleansing blood ;
 And brought you safe from earth to endless day.
 And there with him for evermore to stay ;
 Then you will be no more oppress'd for want,
 Of bread to eat, no nor of raiment scant ;
 For then you will in full possession be,
 Of glorious bliss to all eternity.

So now at last, consider and be wise,
 And seek to God for these substantial joys ;
 Make Christ your all, and happy thus you'll be,
 In life, in death, and in eternity.

